

PS 3503
.E725 L5

1920





LIFE'S VAGARIES



Green wooded hills for miles around
Such wonderland is seldom found

LIFE'S VAGARIES

BY

BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM

Author of "*Impressions*" and
"*America's Great Northwest*"

JAQUES & COMPANY

116 EAST 41ST STREET
NEW YORK

PS3503
E725L5
1920

COPYRIGHTED, 1920, BY
BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM

MAR 18 1921

© CLA612072

201

EHB 2 Apr. 1921

DEDICATION

To my Mother who taught me the love of all
That was beautiful and best in nature,
To appreciate art in the highest degree,
To be kind to every creature,
To stimulate every good desire,
But stifle the false and untrue,
To be satisfied with life just as it is;
And cheerfully its duties do.

CONTENTS

The Awakening	11
Life	12
The Widow and the Hen	13
Autumn Tints	14
Be Merry	16
The Fox and the Grapes	17
In Memoriam	18
The Story of the Canary	19
Indian Summer	21
The Hen and the Cat	22
Changes	23
A Woman's Game of Bridge	24
An Ode to a Rose	25
Misty Autumn Day in the Berkshires	26
In Memoriam	27
The Rivers and the Sea	28
Golf	29
Easter	30
Spring in Dixie	31
A Fable	33
In Memoriam	35
The Mice in Council	36
Upon Receipt of Orange Blossoms	37
Written on the Death of a Friend's Mother	38

The Squirrel	39
A Jersey Farmer	40
An Ode to the New Year	41
The Other Side of Life	42
Lights of Jersey	43
To Two Devoted Sons	44
For Others	45
To a Bachelor	46
Song of Spring	47
Moosehead Lake	48
Mt. Kineo	49
In Maine Woods	51
A Cottage on the Shore	53
To a Busy Man	55
A Fable	56
Riches	57
In Memoriam	58
The Land of Mystery	59
Billy-Boy	60
Halftitle	63
The Three Calls	65
A Prayer	66
The Man of the Hour	67
Reason in Rhyme	68
Food for the Huns	70
Thanksgiving	71
Somewhere in France	73
The Doctor	76

Lieutenant Howard Arnold	77
An Enemy	78
The Modern Housewife's Trials	79
The Noblest of Them All	81
Rejuvenated France	82
God Grant Peace	83
To the Twenty-Seventh	86
De Color'd Boys Return	88
The Raggedest Man in Montenegro	90
Halftitle	93
Good-Bye	95
North Shore, Massachusetts	97
Poland Springs	100
Profile House	101
Lake Sunapee	102
Fishing Trip Deferred by Rain	103
Green Mountains	104
After Rain—Sunshine	106
The Mohawk Trail	107
Connecticut River Valley	109

ILLUSTRATIONS

Green Mountains	Frontispiece ✓
Spring in Dixie	31 ✓
Indian Chief	73 ✓
The Raggedest Man in Montenegro	90 ✓

THE AWAKENING

THE AWAKENING.

Out of the black and leafless tree,
Come the soft downy buds of spring,
Freed from the tiny hard cold egg,
Soar the warblers of the wing.

From out the dark and stagnant pool,
The water lily peeps.
Within the plain and graceless form
A glorious mind oft sleeps.

LIFE

L I F E

How beautiful is life

With its sunshine and flowers and love,
When we've basked and culled and lived
We'll return to our God above.

We would fain remain here forever
On this beautiful earth of ours.
The flowers are nurtured by sunshine,
Our souls must be tried by the Powers.

Our thoughts, our words, our actions
Will be noted and inscribed
In the golden book, on the altar of love
In the land of Paradise.

Our dear ones are fast departing;
We will visit them one and all
When we hear the flutter of angel wings
And the sound of the trumpet's call.

Let us live and bloom and love
While the time on earth is ours,
For in one short day we have turned to clay
And mingled our dust with the flowers.

THE WIDOW AND THE HEN.

(from Aesop's Fables)

A thrifty widow kept a hen
Which gave an egg each day.
“If double barley I will give
She twice a day will lay.”
But truth to tell, this plan fell through,
No eggs came forth at all,
For fat and lazy the hen grew;
“Figures lie!”—the widow bawled.

AUTUMN TINTS

“AUTUMN TINTS”

(In the Berkshires)

Kissed by Jack Frost's cool lips,
Caressed by the cold north wind.
The dawning light brings colors bright,
These lovers leave behind.

Each tree is beauteous in itself,
When blended all together
A panorama nature shows
Of handiwork so clever.

The green, the brown, the yellow, red
Are clustered on the hills.
The haystacks high, the sheaves in fields,
While flowers the carpet fills.

The falling leaves bring now to mind
The winter days to come.
They fall to make thick covering
To keep our good earth warm.

AUTUMN TINTS

The apples bending from the boughs
Some red, some brown, some green,
The distant hills enchantment lend—
A veritable wonder dream.

Hundreds of pumpkins yellow
Are ripening on the ground.
The cow-bells jingle on the way
A merry tinkling sound.

Wavy undulations of carpet,
With borders of hedges rare;
The colors entrance, bewilder
A paradise is here.

The seer and yellow leaf
Brings thoughts of passing years.
Youth's vanished now, while age creeps on.
The falling leaves are tears.

But even age has beauties,
As Autumn tints now show.
Youth's vigor passed—experience comes,
Age radiant, stands aglow.

BE MERRY

BE MERRY

Always be merry as sunshine, dears,
'Twill lighten your journey through life.
Smiles are better than tears, dears,
Bring laughter instead of hard strife.
Cheer and contentment, gladness and mirth
Will help win the battles of mortals on earth.
Be merry as sunshine, happy as birds,
Bright as the flowers, tender in words,
Forgiving and modest, grateful and kind,
Charitable to all: blest by mankind.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES

"THE FOX AND THE GRAPES"

(from Aesop's Fables)

Soar not too high dear friends

Or it may come to pass

That things oft sought

Be out of reach,

And like the fox, alas!

Who spied some grapes

In vineyard green

As longingly he looked on high

To hide his disappointment, said

"The grapes are sour ;

I'll pass them by".

IN MEMORIAM

IN MEMORIAM.

A gentleman born, a friend to all,
Quiet, unostentatious, kind,
A loving heart, thoughts tender and true,
A soul sincere, an honest mind.
Solicitous of each and all,
We shed our tears on this, his pall.
His time on earth has passed;
He has winged his flight to God.
His deeds recorded on high
Are examples to those he loved.
His cares and pains have passed;
His soul is at peace with God.
In memory he'll ever remain
Although sleeping beneath the sod.
A father and friend we'll ever hold dear.
We shed our tears on this, his bier.

THE STORY OF THE CANARY

THE STORY OF THE CANARY.

Dear little Dickie in a gilded cage
Was singing his best, one day,
When lo and behold! a surprise was in store
A mate was brought—both lovely and gay.
She hopped right in when the door was ajar,
And they greeted each other with news from
afar.
They twittered and chirped and friendly became
Until with love their eyes were aflame.
A nest was built on the side of the cage
And a deep little hole in the centre made.
The very next day, as strange as true,
A dear little egg of a rare blue hue
Was quietly placed in the nest.
And for four days more little mother didn't
rest.
Father bird worked hard each seed to crack,
And surprisingly quick, with his wonderful
knack,

THE STORY OF THE CANARY

He powdered it fine and solemnly said:

“While the eggs are hatching you must stay
in bed

To keep them all quite warm,

So to babies will come no harm.”

If, mother dear, the seed *you* should crush

Too much time you’d consume,

From your nest you must *rush*.

After twelve long days the babies arrived

Just like little worms—yet they all survived.

At the break of day you could hear “Peep!
Peep!”

And their mouths opened wide for something
to eat.

A week then passed before they could see;
Their eyes parted now, their wings spread with
glee.

Bright feathers came next and then one and
all

Appeared just like a soft yellow ball.

Mother and father tended and fed
The dear little birdies until out of bed.

They flew one morn and chirped with glee.

“Peep! Peep!” they said, “We’re happy! we’re
free!”

INDIAN SUMMER

INDIAN SUMMER

When the buds of spring and the flowers of
summer have passed,

When the katydid and locust are heard again
o'er land

When Indian summer greets us with her hazy
soft blue eye

The stalks in field are withered, and autumn
tints before us do expand.

While grasshopper and cricket are dancing all
the day,

While frogs in pool give violin-like notes

When butterfly has ceased to charm, and sleeps
in downy pouch,

The leaves have formed a carpet, the birds have
changed their coats.

* * * * *

We too feel tired, listless, our energy has gone

We're longing for the cooler days when

Jack Frost appears at dawn.

THE HEN AND THE CAT

“THE HEN AND THE CAT”

(from Aesop's Fables)

A hen quite sick in her nest lay resting,
When Pussy came that way,
She begged her to tell her her wants,
And how she felt that day.
The hen quite candidly confessed
If Pussy'd leave she'd feel the best.

M O R A L

Uninvited —remain at home.
Unbidden guests are never welcome.

CHANGES

CHANGES

In spring the daisies are white

Greeting the earth so fair.

Autumn turns them purple—

Knowing winter 'll soon be here

Don't mourn for the things that have past

They'll never return again.

But other joys will be given to us

To soothe our griefs, assuage our pain.

A WOMAN'S GAME OF BRIDGE

"A WOMAN'S GAME OF BRIDGE"

They meet—their handshake is sincere
Their greeting's sweet, their heads quite clear;
They're seated and begin to play.
They chat and bid,—and throw their hands
away.

Life is a game of bridge,
Each blames the other for his own mistakes.
Our gains we count—our pride expands
Until at last we see our faults too late.

AN ODE TO A ROSE

AN ODE TO A ROSE.

Beautiful rose, velvety rose,

Your petals are crushed, so now repose

Perfect you were only yesterday

Stately and proud, charming and gay,

Plucked by a woman to adorn her breast

All is vanity—you'll confess.

MISTY AUTUMN DAY IN THE BERKSHIRES

“MISTY AUTUMN DAY IN THE BERKSHIRES”

The clouds hang low, the mist is on the hills.

Even our thoughts are sad.

The trees have turned; their leaves are many
hues.

No song birds warble glad.

Winter is coming with his ice and snow.

The fields be barren soon.

The sap returns to earth, who in her turn
Gives it in spring again.

Nothing is lost in nature.

The immortal idea lies here.

Apparent death is only sleep,

Spring's awakening's clear.

IN MEMORIAM

IN MEMORIAM

Our dear good friend has passed away,

But his spirit still remains.

His soul has flown to God above—

We bow as He ordains.

A husband true, a father kind.

Beloved by one and all

As modest as the violets

We place upon his pall.

Upright and honest in his daily tasks,

Detesting those who wore the mask

Of hypocrisy or deceit

His words were cheer: his smile was sweet.

Sleep well, in peace; your pain has passed.

Your well earned rest you've gained at last.

THE RIVERS AND THE SEA

THE RIVERS AND THE SEA

(from Aesop's Fables)

The Rivers one day angry grew
And said unto the Sea,
“Why is it that 'though fresh we are
We salt become in thee?”

“Dear little Rivers,” Sea now said
“If fresh you would remain
Steer clear of me and nevermore come near,
When swelled by rain.”

MORAL

Those most benefitted are often the first to
complain
So remember the story of the Sea and the
Rivers that spoke with disdain.

GOLF

G O L F

We start with eager energy
To make our tiny tee,
We lift our club,—then whack! a hit!
But ne'er a drive make we.

Our spirits to an ebb now go,
But fast we walk to see
If our next stroke will raise our hopes
To final victory.

A game of ups and downs,
As *life*—the wisest of us think,
One day on top—before the next
We're far below the brink.

What'er our lot in life may be,
We must meet it with a smile,
Just brace ourselves and go ahead,
Things will brighten in a while.

EASTER

E A S T E R

The spring with its gladness, the flowers with
their dew,

The birds in the branches all beckon to you.
Eastertide ever welcome to one and to all,
For the world would most gladly throw off
winter's pall.

'Tis the time for the birdies to feather their
nests;

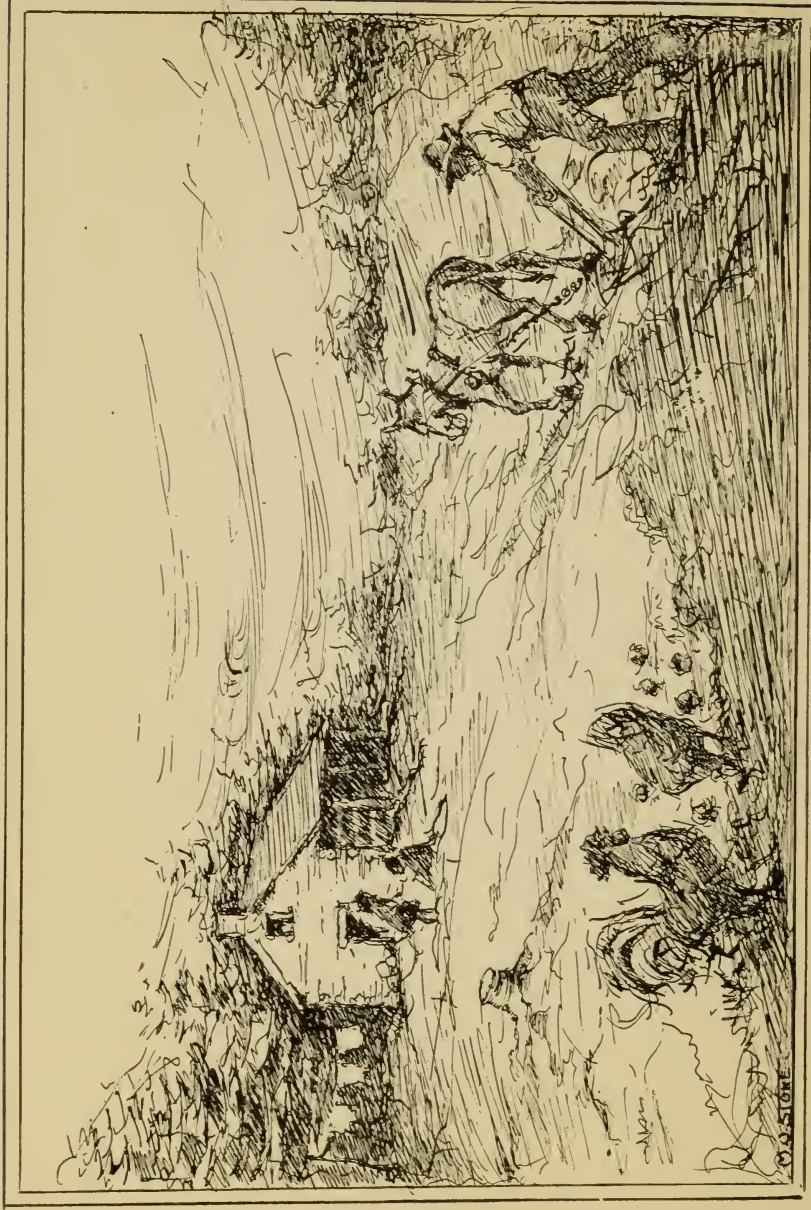
'Tis the time for the lovers to mate,
For the air is now fragrant with blossoms and
buds;

Just the time to make true love complete.
Now when Earth's change begins is the time to
reflect

And consider the spring passes soon.
Then the summer will come with its heat and
its sun,

And the winter time too with pale moon.
We must so live our lives, tho' the seasons may
change

Our hearts will remain true and tender,
All worldliness fade from our history's page
And Good Will remain with us forever.



Ole Sambo plows his great corn-field
And makes the furrows deep.

SPRING IN DIXIE

SPRING IN DIXIE.

The trees are various shades of green,
The wild flowers everywhere,
The grass a velvety softness shows
Sweet spring is in the air.

Ole Sambo plows his great corn-field,
And makes the furrows deep,
Then soon old Sol will bring the sprouts,
And the corn from silk will peep.

The pine trees tall and stately stand,
The roses blossom too,
The honeysuckle creeps and climbs,
The cock says "doodle do".

How proudly stands the barnyard king,
For wifey comes this way,
And brings along her straggling chicks,
Who've been hatching day by day.

Ole Sally has her wash-lines out,
Her laundry white as snow,
The pickaninnies dance and sing,
The pigeons cooing low.

SPRING IN DIXIE

A pretty lesson springtime shows,
We should bright and happy be,
For after winter's ice and snow,
Comes warmth, new life and glee.

A FABLE

A FABLE

(*from Aesop's Fables*)

Jupiter, Neptune, Minerva and Momus

Chanced one day to meet.

They decided to vie with each other

A perfect thing to create.

Momus was selected to be the judge

(From Olympus he'd not been thrust out)

Jupiter formed *man*, Neptune a *bull*.

Minerva a beautiful *house*.

Man was not perfect Momus said,

Because his breast was devoid of eyes

The inmost thoughts of others to see,

Man should know the truth from lies.

The bull was not perfect because his horns

Were placed quite *above* his eyes

His aim was bad for he could not see,

So must turn from side to side.

The *house* was not right because in construction

No *wheels* upon it were planned

From unpleasant neighbors far to remove

To a more congenial land.

A FABLE

“Harsh critic”, Jupiter cried (as from Heaven
he threw him)

“A faultfinder can never be pleased.
Condemn you may, when something you’ve done
Better than others succeed.”

IN MEMORIAM

IN MEMORIAM.

A soldier proud in the battle of life

Always calm and serene.

Never a murmur escaped his lips

When in agony or in pain.

His courage undaunted, his spirit steadfast,

His love—yea unsurpassed,

A true staunch friend, his spirit has fled

Yet his memory will ever last.

Great God above, whom we all love

Give entrance to his spirit

And judge him now as he should be

According to his merit.

THE MICE IN COUNCIL

THE MICE IN COUNCIL.

(from Aesop's Fables)

Some mice were standing 'round one day
Proposing many plans
Whereby to rid themselves of *cat*
Who seemed ever near at hand.
A young mouse ventured this to say,
"Let's bell the cat, dear friends,
For then we can make our escape
When her tinkling sound she lends."
Oh joy! Oh joy! cried one and all
But some old mouse hard by
Said, "Friends, which one will bell the cat?
I'm sure not you or I."

M O R A L

The proposition may sound plausible.
The execution oft' impossible.

UPON RECEIPT OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS
FROM PASADENA

UPON RECEIPT OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS
FROM PASADENA

1918.

A sweet breath of orange flowers was wafted to
me

From a far away land in the west.

It brought with it gladness and odors of spring,
And greetings from one who 'mongst all
friends is best.

I thank you dear friend for your kind thought
of me

To the recipient you've given much joy.
There's nothing like blossoms and flowers and
fruit,
Like true friends they *too* lack alloy.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A
FRIEND'S MOTHER

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A
FRIEND'S MOTHER.

A mother's hand is clasped no more.
A mother's smile is gone.
A love which has endured through years
A memory—yea, lifelong.
A Heavenly Father dwells on high
To Him her flight is taken.
Her pains are past: in peace she sleeps
An angel she'll awaken.

THE SQUIRREL

THE SQUIRREL.

Frisky little bunny with the bushy tail
Bound in white and spread like a sail
His glistening eyes like jewels shining
From limb to limb he's quickly climbing
Until at last with sprightly bound
He gains the shed, and without a sound
Is perched at casement on his hind-legs,
For nuts or sugar now he begs.
If no one sees him when he passes
He scratches hard on the window glasses
When fed and talked to for a while
He bounds away with a happy smile
Thankful for each favor small,
Assuring us of another call.

A JERSEY FARMER

A JERSEY FARMER.

A ray of sunshine midst the flowers
Blooming and sweet as they ;
Although three score and ten have passed
She's young at heart today.

Her farm with fruit and shrubs and plants
Is her interest and delight ;
Her happy mien, and cheerful ways
Will stay with her 'till night.

Her quilt shows us her flowers rare
In garden and around
Her pictures formed of strands of silk
In beauty do abound.

See doggie standing on the porch
He wags his tail to all.
We wonder what this house will do
When she has had her call.

The butterflies flit all day long
And sip the honey dew ;
The cricket chirps upon the hearth ;
Tabby, the cat, doth purr and mew.

AN ODE TO THE NEW YEAR

AN ODE TO THE NEW YEAR

Old year, we ring you out with cheer
With laughter and with joy
We cast you off without a tear
And greet your little boy.

A babe in swaddling clothes to-night
Just come into this sphere
When half-grown youth he wanders forth
June roses will appear.

A year from now we'll cast *him* out
With hilarity and row
Welcoming the grandchild dear
Of this old year dead now.

And so the years do come and go
One nail drives out another
Joyous mirth—regretful tears
Sit side by side together.

Our tasks are huge—our time is short
The hour-glass sands are falling.
Bravely, proudly forge ahead
Whatever be your calling.

THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE

THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE

We who sit in our cozy corners
And lounge in our easy chairs
Forget the plight of the ragged,
And the wail of those in despair.

We sit propped up in our motor cars,
With our rugs and our cushions warm,
But give no thought to the waifs in the street
Whose lives we could shield from harm.

Make it a rule, dear friends,
To call out once in a while:
“Come in, my lad or my lassie,
I’ll give you a bit of a ride.”

The grateful look, the happy smile
We are given in return
Will be enough compensation—
Our hearts with joy will burn!

LIGHTS OF JERSEY

LIGHTS OF JERSEY

Looking with brilliant eyes
Across the Hudson River
Into the city's byways and streets,
Into the parks and gardens
Trying to pierce through crime and deceit
With which these places are laden!

* * * * *

The soft pink glow of sunset
Forms a valance in the west,
Beneath which thousands of eyes still glisten
Hoping to see the *best*
That mankind is ever giving.
Charity, Faith and Love
Soon the *Heavenly* lights will be gleaming,
God's stars will be shining above.

TO TWO DEVOTED SONS

TO TWO DEVOTED SONS

You've done your duty, lads,
Two sons both good and true,
So dry your tears, and be not sad.
Your work is calling you.

Your mother's love you e'er possessed.
She's with you even now.
In spirit watching over you,
To God's will you must bow.

Her pure, sweet spirit soars above
With winged seraphs glad;
Her earthly sufferings now have passed,
So why should you be sad?

FOR OTHERS

FOR OTHERS.

What is life really worth, dear friends,
If we give no pleasure to others?
Selfishness is a cardinal sin;
Try to be sisters and brothers.

In this great, cold world of ours
When the snows of winter lie deep,
While the icicles hang from the trees
And even the snow birds sleep,

Put new warmth into the hearts
Of those whose purse strings are small;
Foster kind words and deeds.
Try to bring cheer to all.

The joy we see in their happy faces
Brings joy to us in return.
This work-a-day world would be sad indeed
If we'd not this lesson learn.

TO A BACHELOR

TO A BACHELOR.

We're giving you this set of "Clubs"
For which did "Diamonds" pay.
And truly hope the "Jack of Spades"
Finds "Queen of Hearts" some day.

"The deuce!" we hear. "I never shall!"
But "*ten to one*" you will,
And though it will be aye or nay,
We'll hold your friendship still.

A birthday greeting now we bring;
Good luck! long life! and joy!
A few years hence we hope our gift
Will be some tiny toy.

SONG OF SPRING

SONG OF SPRING.

Spring has come with its soft green leaves,
Its blossoms and buds and blooms ;
Its trees like lace in their airy grace ;
Have cast away their gloom.

Each blade of grass is a messenger
Which softly to us sings :
“We’ll sleep no more—our rest is o’er ;
Earth’s beauty now we bring.”

How lovely is this wondrous world
With buds and blossoms fair.
Our hearts aglow—we’ll know no woe,
Sweet spring is in the air.

The dandelions show us now
Their saucy yellow heads,
The crocus and narcissus smile
In violets purple beds.

The pansy says : “I am heartsease ;”
The daisy : “See I’m fair !”
Sweet buttercups and daffodils
Cry “Spring is in the air !”

MOOSEHEAD LAKE

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

Soft water lapping on the rocky shore
Surrounding hills green velvet seem,
Mountains in distance silhouettes
A quiet spot wherein to dream,
Far, far away from haunts of man
Away from care and strife,
We hope and love and dream again
Adding zest to life.

The silver birches on the shore
The flowered grasses there,
A bit of water smiling through
Show Corot everywhere.

A STORM ON THE LAKE.

Heavy storm clouds gathering o'er,
The hills are black as night.
The lake a great disturbance shows,
Afar the shore looks silver white
The wind is high amongst the trees
The Erl King sings his song,
The birds are hiding in their nests
The rain comes pouring down.

MT. KINEO

Mt. K I N E O .

Speak to me mountain old and grey,
Gazing on lake below,
Sheltering cedars on thy sides
Sky in west aglow,
With silver rays of sunlight
And peace and quiet nigh,
Tell me how many centuries
Watched you mount up so high?
Layer upon layer, strata upon strata,
I've piled throughout the years;
And now to reach my lofty top
They oft shed bitter tears.
To make the roadway by the lake
They've cut my limbs in twain,
While oft in my small caves in sides
They seek shelter from the rain.
Far up you see a tiny cot
Which houses a young pair
Sent here by our good government
To protect the forests dear,

MT. KINEO

From raging fires hereabouts
By signalling the patrol.
From heights like mine,
They far and wide,
Save many a human soul,
So never for a moment think
I was planned up here for naught.
Although a great stone mountain
My life with work is fraught.
The birds and bunnies love me well:
Deer, porcupine, do on me dwell;
But crowning all aforesaid glory
Is wondrous view from summit hoary.

IN MAINE WOODS

IN MAINE WOODS.

Winding lakes and streams marking our course,
Yellow water lilies slyly peeping forth;
Wild roses and mountain-laurel bordering the
way,
Nature entrances with coloring gay.
Masses of fern hardy and green,
Buttercups and Indian-brush in profusion is
seen
Carpets of strawberry-blossoms white
Daisies and fleur-de-lis ever in sight.
Gazing on timber, tall, gaunt, and grey
Standing so leafless and bare
Singed by the fires and smoke of the forests
As the thick woodlands of cedars we near.
The lumberman's hut comes to view in the clear-
ing
With children and doggie prancing around
Great logs of timber chained lightly together
Ready to float with the tide ever down.
Crude is the life of these trappers and hunters
Bronzed by the wind, manly and strong,

IN MAINE WOODS

Happy and hardy, fighting life's battle,
Early to bed, and arise with a song.
Subsisting on food provided by nature
Frugal and spare their meal may oft be
Contentment and happiness hovers about them
Here in God's country they're zealous and
free.

A COTTAGE ON THE SHORE

A COTTAGE ON THE SHORE.

All is hushed save the ocean's roar
And the sound of the wind as it floats through
the pines
When suddenly through the air is heard
The warblers' notes which thrill mankind.
The odor of honey-suckle clusters about
The porches shady and wide
Sweet-pea and lily scents fill the air
Roses are blooming far and wide.
Banked 'gainst the hedge, in this garden fair
Are phlox both pink and white
Petunias of every shade and hue
Nasturtiums dark-yellow and light.
Forming a background against the trees
Is golden-glow, slender and tall,
Zinnias 'en masse', with coloring rare
Gladiolas—then lady-slippers small.
Great tubs of hydrangia ranged in a row
A glorious effect to give,
Forming a bed round the fountain quite
Dainty pink begonias thrive and live.

A COTTAGE ON THE SHORE

When summer's sun streams hottest
In this wondrous garden fair
Robins, sparrows, and meadow-larks
Gather in numbers there.

To bathe in the fountain and moisten their throats
Giving forth their carols gay,
At twilight time—when all is still
The bunnies come forth to play.

They sit so saucily and eat the grass
Pricking their graceful ears
In *memory* will live this garden fair
Not for weeks, nor months—but years!

TO A BUSY MAN

TO A BUSY MAN.

“All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy”

Is what the sages tell

Love work, my lad, but take some rest

Else you may not be well.

The trees, the plants, the shrubs

All earn their yearly rest

When winter comes, God's creatures sleep

And lose their zest.

Ambition is quite laudable

When practiced with some reason

Both work and play must have their sway

But each in its due season.

Life is quite short at best—I say

Don't fail to take some pleasure

You're in your prime—take heed, my boy

And e'en though stormy weather

Quite happily go forth through life.

Enjoying all you can

A blink, a breath and all is o'er

From earth to heaven is but a span.

A FABLE

A FABLE

A patriarch once dying when old age had seized
him

Called his children and grand-children near
All sadness possessed this group of young people
Grand-papa's wishes to hear.

Dear ones, said he, you know how I love you
And long for your welfare in life
I wish you *many* troubles—don't stare at me so
For I will explain, in a trice.

One trouble oft causes a nervous breakdown
But *many* will ease your fair brows from their
frowns.

RICHES

R I C H E S

In what does riches consist—I would ask?

In what we accumulate of wordly greed?

Truly *not*. Our riches here

Are what we give to those in need

High or lowly, rich or poor,

Are brothers at last when life flits by.

Why hoard our wealth with a tightened grasp

Lets share our bounty—without a sigh

Haughty and humble, proud and meek,

Are mingled together when in dust they sleep.

The portals ope' wide in Heaven for all

Who do their duty—*great* or *small*

There's no distinction in that abode

Right or *wrong* is Its only code.

IN MEMORIAM

IN MEMORIAM.

Step softly, speak gently,
A beautiful life has sped
Charm and sweetness she possessed
Now she's numbered with the dead.

Only the body is no more
Her soul lives on in Heaven
Bereaved ones must contented be
God has taken what He has given.

"Blessed be His glorious name"
In our daily prayers, we say
Beloved you'll meet in paradise
Bravely bear until that day.

THE LAND OF MYSTERY

THE LAND OF MYSTERY.

The flowers are blooming, the birds are singing
Outside the world seems gay
The heart is sad with memories
And dreams of other days.

Life's mysteries are many
Fate holds us in her hand
In retrospect our histories
Are too queer to understand.

We plod and strive from natal day
Until the very end
Attaining ne'er the goal we seek
Though bravely we contend.

"Resigned to Fate's decree," say we
As we drift again to sea
Hoping some day for sight of sail
From the Land of Mystery.

BILLY-BOY

“BILLY-BOY”

'Twas in the year of nineteen thirteen
On a beautiful sunny day,
When “hubby” and I strolled along,
Neither minding the time nor way.
We chanced to pass a window
Of a tiny little shop,
And in it we saw some “beauties”
Which made us gaze—and stop.
We lingered and played with the doggies
There were four in all—you see.
One was “Freckles”, another “Billy Burke”,
Dear Heart—but “Billy Boy” for me.
He wagged his tail and blinked his eye,
Never stopping hypnotizing me;
So the bargain was made, and the price was paid
And the doggie came home with me.
Our trials began as well as our joys.
And friends would say to me
“Too well off, buy a dog”.
But even this did not phase me.

BILLY-BOY

We taught him nice ways, and before many days

A wonderful pet had we

Who played with a ball, a cat, and us all

And our leisure time was all glee.

We took him to the farm where the alligators
grow

And the parrot called out from his cage
“Hello”.

The old gray wolf was the only one rude,

He barked and barked and would have pursued

Had he not been fettered in an iron cage,

Which kept him from harm—although in a
rage.

Since then he has traveled miles upon miles,

Through cities and hamlets and towns,

With always his dear little wag of the tail

But never, oh never, a frown.

WAR POEMS

THE THREE CALLS

THE THREE CALLS.

REVEILLE—AWAKENING.

ASSEMBLY.

FORWARD MARCH.

Awake! awake! arise! arise!

The break of day has come.

Be ready, make a quick attire,

Hear, hear the sound of horn!

The sound which calls to arms,

Its notes thrill every sense,

Your Captain's here, he views you all,

Each eye has look intense.

"Fall in!" "eyes right!" "front!"

We hear the loud commands.

"Right shoulder arms!" "inspection arms!"

"Attention!" he demands.

March ahead, your country calls,

Leave your *all* for victory.

Come what may, night or day

Your watchword must be *Liberty*.

A PRAYER

A PRAYER

I'm knitting for a soldier
In a land far, far away,
May it bring him more than comfort
And protection night and day.

May it bring him peace and solace
While the guns are roaring loud,
And make him feel that some fair hand
Of this soldier boy is proud.

I'll weave a charm with all my might
Into these stitches small
And send a prayer to bring him back
Great God, don't let him fall!

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

"THE MAN OF THE HOUR"

Who is now the man of the hour?

The idol of everyone's eye?

The man with the logical brain?

The man who despises a lie?

We hear the same answering call.

It's Wilson, It's Wilson, that's all.

Who is it that befriends the oppressed

And promises justice to all?

Palestine and Armenia freed,

Although Turkey be bitter as gall?

We hear the same answering call,

It's Wilson, It's Wilson, that's all.

He wears not a great kingly crown,

Which glistens on his manly brow,

But ever so bright is his halo of light.

He stands quite alert at the prow.

Who will some day relieve Poland's thrall?

It's Wilson, It's Wilson, that's all.

REASON IN RHYME

“REASON IN RHYME”

You ask about our soldier boys,
And should they wed before they go?
My answer to this question is
At once both Yes and No.

This gives you no solution,
I hear you now exclaim.
So will hasten here to say a word
My theory to explain.

The lad who has a sweetheart,
Whom the future need not worry
Had best remain unmarried,
And do nothing in a hurry.

But the one who would consider
Who the heir apparent be,
Had best tie tight the nuptial knot,
Ere he goes across the sea.

REASON IN RHYME

For if perchance he don't come back
To wifey over here,
A baby like his very self
May in due time appear.
Eventually to be the heir
Of honors, cross and wealth,
Bring consolation to them all
Beloved for his dear self.

FOOD FOR THE HUNS

“FOOD FOR THE HUNS”

Food for the Huns, food for the guns,
The pride of our country, America's sons.
Cheer the dear boys coming our way
Crowded the transports sailing away.
Line after line of khaki we see
Going so proudly from “land of the free.”
Each one somebody's darling, I ween,
The short and the tall, the stout and the lean.
Food for the Huns, food for the guns,
The pride of our country, America's sons.
Let us hope, trust and pray
That all may return ere many a day.
Happy, hearty, experienced and honored.—
The Huns being the food the Americans
cornered.

THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVING

SOLDIER BOYS

SAILOR BOYS

Welcome boys around this board,

Welcome one and all,

After grace to God is said

Be at ease—enjoy it all.

Think of home—give thanks to her

Who bore you boys both brave and true.

Do your best to make her proud

Of gallant deeds that you shall do.

Sailor boys—soldier boys

Far from home and friends to-night,

Make a vow to God above

To muster strength and win this fight.

Boys from west—boys from south,

Boys from Yankee-land

Let your hearts be true as steel,

Hearken to commands.

THANKSGIVING

March away when country calls,
Yielding all for victory.
Come what may, night or day
Bravely fight for liberty.

Brothers blue—brothers gray
Marching side by side,
Now unfurl the stars and stripes,
Spangled banner be your guide.



I'm sending you an "Indian Chief"
Which I have done for you.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

“SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE”

Dear Foster Mother :

I've waited so long for a letter,

Waited six months or more,

We've looked and longed and pleaded

Until our hearts grew sore.

But to-day we've been rewarded

For our wait so long and dreary,

Packages, letters delivered,—

By gad, but now we're cheery!

If our friends back home could only see

The joy the boys are given,

Yea, tears of joy in grown men's eyes

Gives one a glimpse of Heaven.

For my own share, I just received

Eight packages at once,

One hundred letters,—sixty-two

From sister in a bunch!

You should 'ave seen the fine tall fellows

In khaki and in blue,

Mud-bedraggled fellows,

Staring and crying too,—

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

When the names were called out loudly,
And each received his share,
'Twas a sight one never could forget;
We almost heard a prayer
Of thanks for that small favor
To the boys so far away;
And far into the night
And again into the day
The packages were opened—
Letters scanned, read and re-read.
And then the news was all discussed,
Before we turned to bed.
Thanks, kind lady, for the knitted things
The candy and cigarettes,
The joy you gave with your dear kind lines
Can assure you will linger yet.
When this cruel war is over
And peace will reign again,
I'll sit beside my home fire
And oft chant that sweet refrain.
I know you'll be pleased to hear
Of the other stripe I've won—
I'm Sergeant instead of Corporal now,
And hope to keep right on

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

Climbing the ladder of honor and fame!

Lieutenant may soon stand before my name.
And then perchance a captaincy,—

But that, I'm sure, is far away.
I'm writing now by candle-light

In a tin can on my knee,
No ink have we, so pencils use,
But they'll answer too, I say
Without them none of us could draw
As I have done to-day.

I'm sending you an "Indian Chief"
Which I have done for you.

It brings to mind my Western home
And all my dear ones too.

I hope you'll keep this little token
To plight our friendship dear,
I trust and pray 'twill ne'er be broken
But will endure through years.

Now don't forget to write again
We want our mail from home.

We'll tramp—endure—and fight—
But our tidings must come.

Sergeant Swadburgh
to The Author

THE DOCTOR

"THE DOCTOR"

Who doesn't wait to be drafted,
Who's never too old to go
Where the sick and wounded lay suffering
Mid'st sorrowing hearts full of woe?

'Tis the dear kind family doctor,
Whom we all respect and love,
His praise is sung by one and all,
His cross will come from above.

'Tis *he* who leaves his practice,
His family and comforts all,
To render a service "overseas"
And answer his country's call.

When we hear the woeful tidings,
That one from the ranks has gone,
We would fain set up a monument
Of marble or of stone.

To the unselfish fellow
Who has given his all—his best,
To assuage pain; to heal the wounds,—
Forgetting even to rest.

LIEUTENANT HOWARD ARNOLD

In Memoriam

Reared in the lap of luxury,
Tended by parent's care,
Schooled in America's famous Yale,
Ready to do and dare;
Scorning to be a slacker,
Braving the enemy's fire,
Sailing away, this soldier boy
Determining not to retire
Until the Hun be vanquished
And victory was the goal.
But alas! the fates had willed it
That this manly human soul
Should die as a hero martyr
To right the wrongs of the world.
May his soul rest in peace
In that far away grave
O'er which stars and stripes will be furled.

AN ENEMY

"AN ENEMY"

There is a wireless plant concealed ;
Go find it if you can.
It flashes forth, both day and night,
But ne'er reveals a plan.

'Tis hidden well, you'll all agree
And ne'er gets out of order.
'Tis rheumatism in the knee
Of Mother Eve's fair daughter.

It flashes "change of atmosphere"
And warns her when the storm is near.
She oft regrets that "Uncle Sam"
Can't let her be the wireless man.

For with this one propensity
To generate 'lectricity,
She'd signal quick to all the Huns
"Stand back, beware of our guns

We fire to kill for these things three—
Liberty, Truth, Democracy!"

THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE'S TRIALS

"THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE'S TRIALS"

She's not quite so ornamental as she used to be
in past

But she's braver and she's stronger quite by far.
The change came gradually and I'm sure 'twill
so remain,

As long as trying war conditions last.

She must turn her hand to everything and any-
thing to-day,

From making beds to playing nurse-girl too.
The servant of to-day is not trainable at all,
She merely wants "her own sweet way".

They're given all the privileges and treated far
too well,

Their wages good, their accommodations neat
But when we peer around and gaze into their
bath,

Our disgust and disappointment is complete.

THE MODERN HOUSEWIFE'S TRIALS

On one side hangs a clothes-line filled with
every kind of rag

The floor rug sadly flung into a corner.

Now when madam says a word of just reprimand,

I'm sure,

They quickly give a saucy pert rejoinder.

Our Government requests our utmost saving now,

And we in turn do feel in honor bound,

To accept the rationing and thereby win the war

For Uncle Sammie's reasoning is sound.

They flare up in a rage when their waste is
criticized

We won't mention all they carry out so low.

When eventually they find that their actions are
found out,

They give "notice" quickly pack their things
and go

The office has our money, what care they?

We will have to come again another fee
to pay.

THE NOBLEST OF THEM ALL

"THE NOBLEST OF THEM ALL"

I've sat and pondered on this "War of Nations"
And asked myself again, and yet again,
Which amongst mortals has been the truest hero
Who's services the greatest aid to man.

When time has healed the wounds

Past scores well nigh forgotten,
The hatchet buried with its bloody gore,
We'll gaze into *her* face and filled with rapture,
Answer—'Tis she whom all alike adore.

The woman who, as modest as the violet
Has daily made her way to hospital,

To minister to sick and suffering;
To wash and cleanse and kindly comfort all.

When nurses were impossible to find
And fear had siezed all in its mighty grasp,

When epidemic raged as ne'er before,
She was the ministering angel—masked.

Self utterly forgotten in her great desire
To do her duty to her fellows here.

We place a wreath of laurel on her brow.
She's our greatest hero, humble and sincere.

REJUVENATED FRANCE

"REJUVENATED FRANCE"

Who speaks of "Bleeding France"?
Who strikes a note so sad?
We look into the future,
And sound the clarion glad.
Cambria, Rheims, St. Quentin
Are sadly ruined now,
But soon we'll see new France arise,
America at the prow.
The antique works of art
'Tis true we can't restore,
But when these towns are cleared
And Prussians seen no more,
We'll see *new* France arise
Old friends are good:
New homes are best.
We'll cast off the disguise.
Of Napoleon, Louis, Renaissance
And form new period here:
Wilsonian art shall be in vogue.
Hail, hail, rejuvenated France!

GOD GRANT PEACE

"GOD GRANT PEACE"

February 14, 1917—before America
entered the War.

What would Columbus have to say
If he could see our world to-day,
Engrossed in war and strife?
He'd stare and blink
And stop to think
What caused this awful plight?

Ambition's greed the English say;
Invasion say the French;
The Russians cry—'tis fear of us
That placed them in the trench.
The Kaiser speaks and tells at last
His reason for the fray.
The Prince (my friend) was murdered
by the Serbs
Vengeance I sought without delay.
If I had let this murder pass
And unmolested go,

GOD GRANT PEACE

No crown in Europe safe would be
From Russian Bear—our foe.
Give us a chance of “honor peace”
Let us keep what has been ours,
Indemnity we’ll surely pay
To all the sovereign powers.
Enough of manly blood’s been shed
In air, by land, on sea.
God grant a UNIVERSAL PEACE
As speedily as can be.

Columbus solemnly heard them all
Then blinked and thought again
America will help you out—
And even far off Spain
To gain this end—and end this strife
Which is sapping all your strength,
Each one should mirror his own faults
And arbitrate at length.
A “World’s Arbitration Court”
Is what you need to-day,
To right the wrongs, unprejudiced
By power, or greed, or prey.

GOD GRANT PEACE

This "Court" shall then consist I say
Of some from every nation
Selected by the *people*
By unanimous acclamation.
The rights and wrongs shall be discussed
And in the balance weighed,
The majority shall then arrange—
Decide—and be *obeyed*.

TO THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

TO THE "TWENTY-SEVENTH".

Marching to martial sound

In flower-strewn path

Loudly cheered by one and all

Swords now in sheath.

Snatched from the jaws of Hell

Hurled from War's grim abyss

Into their sweethearts' arms

To be loved, fondled and kissed.

After months of weary toil

Hardships and dangers many

Homeward they come—"dear boys"

Help them to earn their penny.

Arches and celebrations

And welcoming sound

Are good for time being

But work must be found.

For the lads who released

Their manly positions

To sail far away

Under trying conditions

TO THE TWENTY-SEVENTH

Using all deadly implements

At War's command

To achieve glorious victory

Yea, freedom for land.

Forget not for a moment

That their *all* must be fed

Give work to the "boys!"

They must earn daily bread.

'Tho whistles may blow

And bells be oft ringing

'Tis work that they want

To that thought they are clinging.

Only in labor can hardships be forgotten

Bury ghosts of the past—by all Hell begotten.

DE COLOR'D BOY'S RETURN

DE COLOR'D BOY'S RETURN.

De color'd boys am home agin
From far away "la France."
Der mas and gals so happy am
Dat dey could sing and dance.

Dey's waitin on de cabin porch
To wave de stars and stripes
And shake de hands so hard and brown
And feed dem what dey likes.

Ole mammy knows jist how dey come
To win against de Huns.
Dey jist got skeer'd when nigs dey seed
A'comin wid de guns.

Eyes a'gleamin, teeth a'settin,
Woolly hair on end.
Ole Nick am hyar wid all his hosts
"Kamerad!" Hebben defend!

DE COLOR'D BOY'S RETURN

I'se had good times in dis here life
But de finest of dem all
Was de day on which dat officer
Was dis nigger's "carry-all."

To see dat Hun a walkin dar
And me up on dat horse
I almost saw de *white* man *black*.
And dis big black nigger *boss*!

THE RAGGEDEST MAN IN MONTENEGRO

THE RAGGEDEST MAN IN MONTENEGRO

Before the war I was well clothed and shod
Living as others did
Loving my country and all it possessed,
Serving as I was bid.

Then came the days of terror and strife,
Like none I had ever seen.
The Austrians came and held our land
For four long years, I ween.

I could not bear the sight of them all.
So I hied me to mountains grim;
I found a cave hewn into the stone.
All *there* was calm and serene.

I lived in this cave for all those years
Subsisting on what I could find,
Roots and herbs, small birds and the like:
Providence to me was kind.



Before the war I was well clothed and shod
Living as others did.

THE RAGGEDEST MAN IN MONTENEGRO

My clothes grew tattered, my feet were bare,
And yet I waited and waited
For the day to come when I could return
With my spirits animated.

My goat as companion served me well;
Her warmth and her milk were fine,
Her clear, liquid eyes would pitiful seem
As they oft times gazed into mine.

At last one day, I wandered away
And into Padgoritza came.
Colonel Fairclough chanced the Market to pass
And earnestly inquired my name.

The American Red Cross kindly succored me
And clothed and fed me well.
I'm happy and sound in body and mind,
Of my future, who can tell?

AN IDEAL TOUR

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE

August 24, 1917.

We're steaming away to Boston
By the "outside" line to-day.
The harbor looks very active;
There're hundreds of boats in the bay.
The freighters are loaded with food-stuffs;
The smoke-stacks are spitting their steam;
The transports are crowded with human souls.
What is it that they dream?

Mother, I'm leaving so early
I've hardly time for "good-bye"
Sister, I love you dearly,
Promise me not to cry,

Think of your hero brother
In a land beyond the sea,
And hope and pray that God may grant
A famous victory.

GOOD-BYE

Sweetheart, the parting's hardest

I see your tears spring fast.

Be brave little girl; keep your heart for me

As long as the war does last,

And when the dream is over

And all these horrors gone,

We'll slowly walk to the altar:

You'll be my very own.

NORTH SHORE MASSACHUSETTS

NORTH SHORE, MASSACHUSETTS

August 25, 1917.

We're motoring out of Boston
To the beautiful north shore.
We pass the old Colonial homes
And think of the days of yore
When our pilgrim fathers landed here
And tried to make a home
In a strange and far off country
From it no more to roam.
Old Salem holds us spell-bound
With her witch-house and her fables,
While we find unbounded interest
In the House of the Seven Gables.
The kitchen quaint, utensils queer
Compared to those of our day,
The secret stair, the antiques rare
And then, the hidden passageway.
Desks, secret drawers in counting house;
The Hathaway home unique
And model boats which sailors made—
A shell closet complete.

NORTH SHORE MASSACHUSETTS

The old town hall, the meeting house
And that of Mr. Story,
A sculptor and a poet fine
His praise is sung in glory.

Through Beverly and Magnolia
Where beautiful homes abound,
To dear, old fashioned Gloucester
With fisher-folk around.

The rock-bound coast most picturesque;
The spray dashed to and fro
Shows nature's wondrous handiwork—
To Essex now we go

A long fine stretch of roadway
Constructed here by man
While bounteous nature's many gifts
Are seen on every hand.

The trees, the shrubs, the flowers fair,
The tiny chalets high
Upon the grey and rugged rocks.
The orchards are hard by.

NORTH SHORE MASSACHUSETTS

Golden rod, golden rod
With your stalks so high in air,
Every field a floral carpet
Corn is ripening everywhere.

To Salisbury then, with Coney Island swings
And roller coasters
The bunting flies, the crowd is gay
With usual side show boosters.

To coast again we come
And smoothly wend our way
Across the sand, along the shore
To the border of the bay.

Thousands of bathers fill the sand
'Tis paradise for children
With shovels small they dig and play
There're sea shells by the million.

POLAND SPRINGS

THE WENTWORTH—Portsmouth, N. H.

August 26, 1917.

The conferees came—the conference met
And peace was declared just then.
Why can't we arrange another meet
And do the same thing again?

POLAND SPRINGS

August 27, 1917.

Let us drink, let us drink of the water
Which flows so clear from the ground
It heals with its purity and sweetness
In the world its equal isn't found.

Let us drink, let us drink of the water
Which God has given to us all.
We stand beside the brink and bless it while we
think
That the benefits derived therefrom are
magical.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

PROFILE HOUSE—White Mountains.

August 28, 1917.

"THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS"

Old man on high, twixt earth and sky
What see'st thou, I would ask?
I see the sun ere day's begun
And night ere dusk is past.
I try to guard my children all
From evil speech and deed.
I love you all, to thee I call
Be kind to every creed,
For God has given the same blue heaven
To each and every one.
He loves both man and bird and beast
Be sure His will be done!

LAKE SUNAPEE

LAKE SUNAPEE

August 29, 1917.

Placid lake in the New Hampshire hills
Surrounded by verdure green.
Thy back-ground silhouetted against the sky.
Thy waters flow on in a dream.
The sportsman's paradise art thou,
And many's the nook for the lover, I ween,
Thy sunsets and moonlights the artist's delight
With golden and silvery sheen.

A FISHING TRIP DEFERRED BY RAIN

"A FISHING TRIP DEFERRED BY RAIN"

We would this morn a fishing go

The boat was there—the captain too
To guide us where the fishes bite.

The reels, the rods, the lines quite white
With varied bait and hopes pitched high.

The rain came down from out the sky.
Our hopes are blasted—sport is past ;
The guide remarks "all day 'twill last!"

Should disappointment cause us woe?

No, life's too short to sorrow so.
We'll hope for better luck to-morrow
And be too wise to trouble borrow.

GREEN MOUNTAINS

"GREEN MOUNTAINS"

August 31, 1917.

Green, as thy name implies
Covered with verdure fair
Flowers adorning thy roads
Orchards with fruit trees rare.

Winding rivers along thy way,
Shrubs o'er hanging thy waters clear
Carpeted knolls and wooded walks
Bring us to nature's heart quite near.

Cattle so peacefully grazing nigh
Wondrous scenes to feast the eye.
Green wooded hills for miles around
Such wonderland is seldom found.

The corn now ripening in the field
Some great good harvest will it yield.
Near berries red and dark green fern
The woodman's hut we now discern.

GREEN MOUNTAINS

We slowly pass the trout stream by
And wish our angling rod were nigh.
The fine old trees in forest dense
And deep ravines thrill every sense.

The sun is sinking in the west,
The evening haze comes on;
The shadows fall upon the hills,
Night throws her curtain down.

AFTER RAIN—SUNSHINE

AFTER RAIN — SUNSHINE

September 1, 1917.

The hills are covered with mist ;

The valleys are full of rain,

Be cheerful, quite before the night

The sun will shine again.

The rain gives moisture to the earth,

It feeds each blade of grass.

Be cheerful—keep a happy heart

The rainy days will pass.

The little birds have gone to rest

Beneath the sheltered bow,

They happy and contented are

They think not of just now,

But cosily they sit and chirp

They chirp and seem to say,

We're happy while we sit and rest,

We'll sing another day.

The clouds break quickly, showing e'en

Their white and silvery lining.

The trees now wave their grateful bows

Behold the sun is shining!

THE MOHAWK TRAIL

THE MOHAWK TRAIL

In days long past
When Indians passed this way
They followed trail
From dawn 'till break of day
We follow in our auto cars
In our most modern style
While many beauties now unfold
To pleasantly our time beguile.
We come into the forest
With trees so dense and green
We think we see a red skin
Peer slyly from between
The shrubs—our purpose to discern
And then dart back and slink away
While passions in him burn,
How can he love the white man
Who took his land away
And pushed him back far westward
Forever there to stay?
'Tis now we climb and mount

THE MOHAWK TRAIL

Unto a dizzy height.

And gaze across the broad expanse
At panorama bright.

A valley of the Tyrol seen
With all its beauties clear,

The fertile land, the winding roads
And tiny chalets dear.

From heights we gaze on canyons deep
With rocky beds and rushing streams:

The Deerfield winds now in and out
And so unending seems.

CONNECTICUT RIVER VALLEY

CONNECTICUT RIVER VALLEY

Beside the Connecticut River

Which turns and winds along
Tobacco fields now greet our eyes
With leaves both large and strong.

Field after field of tobacco

With leaves so broad and green,
Stems so high and hardy
With pink flower tops just seen.

Dear little trumpet flower

With petals five like a star,
You wither and die, but the next year's seed
Is contained in your tiny jar.

Warehouses filled with your contents

Hanging in bunches to dry,
Waiting to go to the factory
From which all the world will buy.

This wonderful weed, with aroma fine

The world's greatest luxury after they dine.

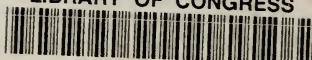
X108





WERT
BOOKBINDING
Grantville, Pa
Sept-Oct 1985
We're Quality Bound

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 799 544 3